THE GAZETTE-NEWS.

Published Every Saturday.

EDWARD FITZGERALD,
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription, $1.50 per Year, in Advance.
Advertising Rates on Application.

Entered at the Postoffice at Daytona, Florida, as Second class matter.

Saturday, Aug. 24, 1901.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

I was employed as night watchman in a sugar refinery. There were two of us on watch, and one night the weather was so hot that we both fell asleep from exhaustion. Suddenly I awoke and smelled smoke and heard the crackling of flames. I awoke my companion, Blackwood, and opened the door of the room.

A cargo of raw sugar and molasses had just been taken in, and this was piled up on each side of the vaulted passage that led from the main door of the refinery. This mass was on fire and was sending out dense volumes of smoke. On the other side of us were wooden stairs which led to various parts of the building, and these were also in flames. We were surrounded by the flames, and the heat was so great that it was certain we could not survive long. Blackwood and I looked at each other in dismay. His boy appeared to be calmer than either of us and suddenly cried out, "Father, the beer cellar!"

The men who worked in the refinery, on account of the great heat to which they were subjected, had a daily allowance of beer, which was kept in a stone cellar about 12 or 14 feet underground. It was to this place the boy referred.

The top of the stone stair which led to it was surrounded by fire, but we at once rushed to it and descended the steps. In passing the flames at the top of the stair my face was scorched and my hair singed. The door of the cellar was locked, but with the strength of desperation we dashed ourselves against it and burst it open. How cool it felt after the fearful heat of the furnace we had just left! But how long would it remain so was the question that Blackwood and I considered in a few hurried words. We had hardly closed the door when we heard the frightful crash of the falling roof of the refinery, and pieces of burned wood came hissing and crackling down the stair. We rolled two barrels behind the door, which we did not fear would catch fire, as it was covered with iron, and then we waited while it began to grow hotter and hotter. It was quite dark there, although we were so close to the bright flames. I could hear Blackwood praying as he knelt on the floor of the cellar. He was a good man, I believe, and well prepared for the death that met him that night. I soon felt the choking stench of burned sugar, and on putting my hand to the floor I was burned severely.

The melted sugar and scalding molasses were flowing down the stair and filling the place where we were. The floor sloped considerably, and I retreated to the end farthest from the door. The heat was growing intense and the vapor was stifling. I became unconscious, and how long I remained so I cannot tell. When I recovered my senses, the heat had not gone and there was about six inches of water in the place where I was lying. This had come from the fire engines and was lukewarm. I could not feel this with my hands, as they and my face were fearfully scorched, but I did so with my tongue. I had called on Blackwood, but there was no answer, and by wriggling over with great pain for a few yards I found both him and his son lying dead. The scalding sugar had reached the place where they were and had apparently stopped there. I could feel the hardened cake under the water. I conjectured that they, like myself, had become unconscious and had been burned to death by the boiling sugar.

The time during which I remained in this place seemed like weeks. I had no hope of escape, as I knew that above there must be an immense mass formed by the parts of the building which had fallen.

I had not strength enough to reach the door. At last, when my pain had decreased a little, I fell asleep or fainted, I cannot tell which, but when I awoke I felt somewhat relieved and a longing for life. I also for the first time felt hungry. I managed to get some beer, which revived me considerably. I tried to open the door, but was unable. The silence which pervaded the place and the consciousness of the presence of the two dead bodies had their effect on my weak state, and I knew I was becoming delirious. I remember I laughed hysterically and began to shout. When I stopped, I heard a faint sound far above me. This made me perfectly wild. There was a hammer, which my hand accidentally came against, and I took it and began beating an empty barrel in frenzy. Then I heard a shout from above, but I was mad now, and I remember as if it were yesterday that I attempted to strike my head with the hammer, and then I lost all recollection. When I regained my consciousness, I found I was in the infirmary. They told me that when the men were clearing away the rubbish they heard a sound, and, remembering the cellar, had dug down to it. They thought at first that we were all dead, and it was not till a medical man had seen the bodies that it was discovered that there was still some life left in me.

I lay there for months and was never expected to recover. A young and strong constitution, however, served me in good stead, and I was at last able to fill a very good situation, which the owners of the refinery kindly procured for me in England. Ten years have passed since then, and I am glad to say very few effects have remained of that terrible experience.—New York News.

Unnecessary Harshness.

First Farmer—I hear they give Hank a cross examination in that trial up to town.

Second Farmer—Yes, an I can't see why they needed to be cross about it. Hank's the best natured cuss I ever see.—Chicago News.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers, when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

A Professor on Rowing.

A story is told about a well known Oxford don who knew more about the travels of Ulysses than about the boat he sailed in. He went down to the river one day to watch the eight practicing. He gazed for awhile in silence. "Yes," he said at last, "they look very nice—very nice indeed, I may say—but how extremely awkward it must be for them to learn to row backward."

Crying and Groaning.

According to a French physician, crying and groaning in pain are nature's own methods of subduing the keenness of physical suffering. He thinks that men should freely relieve their sufferings in this way and that crying in children should not be repressed, as in doing so serious consequences may be engendered.

Lycurgus being asked why, in his laws, he had set down no punishment for ingratitude, answered, "I have left it to the gods to punish."

From The Ocala Evening Star
Of April 1st., 1901.

"We are indebted to Mr. George Close for the finest cabbage and lettuce we have ever seen grown in Florida. Mr. Close is a man of fine judgment, and one of the most successful truckers in the State, and he is as generous and large-hearted as he is prosperous." Mr. Close bought his seed from the Old Reliable Seedsman, J. B. Sutton, who handles only the best Seeds to be had especially adapted to Florida, and makes a specialty of the finest strains of Cabbage, Egg Plant, Letture, Onion and Tomato Seed. See display advertisment in another column.

The regular fall examination for public school teachers will be held on September 3rd. The examination for Volusia county will be held in DeLand—that for white in the white school building, and that for colored in the colored school building.

High living, intemperance, exposure and many other things bring on Bright's disease. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent Bright's disease and all other kidney or bladder disorders if taken in time. Be sure to take Foley's. Dr. J. M. Jones.

Launch "Tomoka" for charter. Summer rates. W. H. HEATH, Holly Hill.

To eradicate from the system give the child plain, nourishing food and White's Cream Vermifuge. The result will be, the worms will disappear and the child become healthy and cheerful. Price 25 cts. Dr. J. M. Jones.

Rain is quite plentiful nowdays.

White's Crem Vermifuge not only effectually expells worms, but is unequaled as a tonic, and is a certain and permanent cure for chills and fever in children. Price 25 cts. Dr. J. M. Jones.

At Miami last week Judge Jones granted a divorce to Henry M. Flagler from his wife, Ida A. Flagler.

Imperfect digestion and assimilation produce disordered conditions of the the system, which grow and are confirmed by neglect. Herbine gives tone to the stomach, and causes good digestion. Price 50 cts. Dr. J. M. Jones.

The Rush building is rapidly nearing completion.

The greatest healer of modern times is Banner Salve for cuts, wounds, sores piles and all skin diseases. It is guaranteed. Use no substitute, Dr. J. M. Jones.

THE PLAN TO .. KILL LAON.

Tonight the Indian prince was thinking as to how he would kill this Laon, and many plans came into his mind. He reached for a wine cup, and as he was in the act of drinking his mind was flashed with an inspiration. He saw his way clearly. He laid the half emptied goblet upon the board, and leaning back in his chair he smiled as a man will smile in a moment of triumph.

At last! At last!

And he began to revel in his scheme. He looked at it from this side, from that side and thought of all the contingencies that might arise from the working of it out, for this Laon was surely one of great power.

And as he was thinking he suddenly raised his eyes, and there, standing before him, was Laon.

"I have come," said Laon as he looked him full in the face, "to tell you to abandon the plan that entered your mind as you were drinking the wine."

"What plan?" asked the prince. He was too surprised to feel even fear.

"Your plan to kill me."

"I kill you! For what reason?"

"I will not discuss that," answered Laon. "All that I will say is that I know the whole details of the plan—the plan you have determined to act upon. I warn you against it."

"Warn me! Warn me! Explain yourself!"

"You know well that I speak the truth. And I will not threaten you. I fear you not, though I know that you have thought out and accomplished the death of many. Do not look at me so strangely. What I have spoken is the truth."

"Then"—

"I merely tell you that if you attempt my life it will be your own that will go, and after that will come punishment."

"Cannot we be"—

"No, we cannot be friends. I have desire neither for your friendship nor fear for your enmity, powerful and treacherous though you be. And you will think it strange that I have come to speak to you as I do. Well, it is strange, but there is a reason for it—a strong reason."

"What reason?"

"Oh, a certain reason. However, listen. Go your way if you will, but remember that going your way means death and terrible punishment. Remember!"

And Laon was gone.

And the prince wondered. How had he come so mysteriously? What did it mean? What was there in this Laon so different from the rest? What strange, clear eyes he had—eyes that pierced into the soul; aye, eyes that pierced the soul. Was it man or demon who read what was passing in the mind of another when far apart? He had heard of beings who could feel the innermost thoughts of others. He had heard of men who had discovered the hidden secret that underlay and was the life of all things—magicians who kept their knowledge from the world, who mixed not closely with their fellows, whose aim was to keep the knowledge of their secret close till men were wiser.

Could it be that this Laon was one of these men or as one of them?

But he was so young. He was—but stay, was he so young after all? Did not his eyes, though brilliant, look old and full of an all knowledge? Aye, his eyes looked wise and old, and it is the eyes that tell the age. This Laon was old.

And then he began to think of himself. Why did he wish to kill—ever to kill? What was the thing or the demon that drove him to plan, carefully to plan, the death of those who had done him no harm—those against whom he bore no malice? Vengeance had never overtaken him because he was such a power in the land.

But why did he feel this desire to kill? There was nothing malignant in his look. He was neither misshapen of body nor distorted of limb nor cruel of feature.

Then why—why did he kill? There were times when he felt a love and tenderness for all things, times when he felt—

Oh, why—why did he obey this prompting? This question repeated itself to him again and again.

And as if to answer it he sprang up suddenly. His eye had become cold and threatening. His thoughts had taken another turn.

He killed—he killed because of the sense of power it brought Him. It was fine to carefully plot and plan, to lie awake in the dead of night when all was still and think, think as to the killing of the one he had fixed upon.

Yes, he would kill this Laon. Magic or no magic, he would kill him. He would begin the working out of the plan he had formed at once.

He was reaching up his hand to a small square box that lay upon a shelf when he heard a slight noise behind him.

He looked, and there was Laon again, but now he was clad in the garb of a priest of Brahma. His right hand was raised aloft; his left hand was grasping a huge, writhing snake, the body of which trailed off behind him.

"You have not heeded my warning," said Laon in a slow, cold voice, "and you are to die. The last act of your will has used the last of your life force, and you are now to be punished for your crimes. You are to live for the space of one human life in the body of this snake. As you die it will die, and then it will live again, possessed of your soul. Die, prince, die—die of awful fear!"

And the prince fell and, gasping, died.

Chopin on Piano Fingering.

This is from a fragment of piano fingering left by Chopin: "No one notices inequality in the power of the notes of a scale when it is played very fast and equally as regards time. In a good mechanism the aim is not to play everything with an equal sound, but to acquire a beautiful quality of touch and a perfect shading.

"For a long time players have acted against nature in seeking to give equal power to each finger. On the contrary, each finger should have an appropriate part assigned it. The thumb has the greatest power, being the thickest finger and the freest. Then comes the little finger, at the other extremity of the hand. The middle finger is the main support of the hand and is assisted by the first. Finally comes the third, the weakest one.

"As to this Siamese twin of the middle finger some players try to force it with all their might to become independent, a thing impossible and most likely unnecessary. There are, then, many different qualities of sound, just as there are several fingers. The point is to utilize the differences, and this, in other words, is the art of fingering."—Huneker's "Chopin, the Man and His Music."

Insects Become Intoxicated.

Intoxication from the nectar and pollen of plants has been a subject of investigation by Dr. J. M. Weir, Jr. This affects insects, and it appears that the cosmos flower is specially potent as a source of drunkenness in bees and other nectar loving creatures. A bee so drunk that it could scarcely get upon its legs was taken to the laboratory and placed about two inches from a cosmos blossom. It immediately staggered to the flower and began to suck the nectar and in a few moments tumbled over, a senseless and almost inert victim of appetite. Drunken beetles found under the blossoms prove that the pollen must have the same effect as the nectaries.

The experimenter swallowed a half teaspoonful of the pollen and in about 15 minutes experienced a feeling of exhilaration, with acceleration of the pulse and warmth. An injection into the arm of half a dram of liquid distilled from an infusion of the nectaries caused exhilaration for half an hour, followed by nausea.

When Everything Sticks.

"In muggy weather," said the retired burglar, "I always used to stop work not because work was unpleasant then, but on account of everything sticking so.

"You couldn't tell what might happen. Anything and everything was liable to stick and make more or less noise when you finally got it open. A window might stick at first and then go up with a bang. I've had a door open on me that way—fly open all of a sudden after I'd been pushing on it a long time and let me through the doorway on to the floor. There's always danger, for instance, in pulling out a drawer that sticks of pulling it clean out and letting it drop.

"There's constant danger of something of this sort happening, and it doesn't pay to take the chances. And it's easy enough to know when to stay home. My rule was never to try to do any work in weather that would rust a jimmy."—New York Sun.

How to Button a Coat.

The art of properly buttoning a coat—any coat—is, do it the other way.

That is to say that nine out of every ten of us button our coats the wrong way. We commence with the topmost button when we should commence with the bottommost.

The frailest portion of a coat, in respect to shape retaining qualities—no matter how well made—is the region of collar and lapels. The swagger merchant tailor always cautions his customer to "wear it buttoned a few days so that the collar may set properly."

Then, this admitted, it follows that tugs and strains affecting this part of the garment tend to destroy its symmetry. Drawing the coat together by the top button and buttonhole for the purpose of fastening exerts a pull all around the shoulders and neck region, which, by repetition, in time will give the smartest coat a hang dog appearance.—Chat.

Made Good Matches.

She—I can't make out how it is that Mrs. Wise has fish for nearly every meal. It can't be for economy's sake, for she must be fairly well off.

He—She has a large family of unmarried daughters, you know.

She—Now, don't be nasty and say something about girls and their brains. That's so old.

He—Oh, no, I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so!

She—Well, can't you tell me?

He—I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's because fish are rich in phosphorus.

She—I don't see what that has to do with it.

He—Perhaps not, but still it's good for making matches.

Scotch Thrift.

The city council of Auckland placed a price on the head of every rat in the city, and a grocer's boy became a perfect Nimrod and slew about 30. At the risk of contracting the plague he carried his dead along, obtained the scalp money and came back jubilant to his master and told him how much he had made. The master cast upon him an eye of Aberdeen gray, and then remarked quietly, "Weel, weel, ye'll just pay the money to our cashier, for ye ken the rats is mine, not yours."—Sydney Bulletin.

The Dictionary.

If you want to be really interested, read the dictionary. It will tell you how very badly other people spell our language and, incidentally, what a tiny cupful of words we each dip up out of its ocean.—Minneapolis Times.